

## DELEGATE FIGHTS WITH BLACK BEAR

Fred Wiedmer of the Municipal Assembly Has Thrilling Encounter in the Kiamichi Mountains

### HE MAKES A QUICK GETAWAY

St. Louis Officeholders and Other Sportsmen Save Their Companion and Bring Home Bruin.

Fred Wiedmer, member of the House of Delegates from the Thirteenth ward, is favoring his left leg, because of the soreness that remains from his personal encounter with a black bear in the Kiamichi mountains three weeks ago. The bruise and scratches from the one fair blow the bear struck him just below the knee have not yet disappeared.

Mr. Wiedmer was one of a party of 12 hunters that left St. Louis Nov. 2 for the Choctaw Nation on a three weeks' hunting trip. All were anxious to capture a bear or two during their trip and so instructed their guides.

Friday morning, the bear was reported and Mr. Wiedmer was the first to join the guides. Several shots had been fired and the dogs had engaged the animal in a vicious battle, when the hunters reached him.

Wiedmer saw one of his dogs under the bear, and as the animal was lying still he thought him dead. He went up to release the dog. He took hold of the bear's forepaw to move it, when signs of life became very evident.

The first blow knocked Wiedmer's legs from under him and inflicted the only injury he received. Calling loudly for help, Wiedmer fought with the bear, and after a few seconds, succeeded in getting the bear's head.

As the bear turned to follow him, Frank Kiebler, Frank Carr and Fred Combs came to his rescue and Kiebler's shot put an end to the affair.

Wiedmer was confined to the camp for several days under a physician's care and made no further excursions during his trip. The party reached home Saturday night and brought proofs of killing one bear, 12 deer and 2 turkeys.

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The members of the party were: Judge H. H. Moore, Justice Frank M. Kiebler, Coal Oil Miner William Flynn, Ford Combs, secretary of the Jefferson Club, Building Commissioner George Heintzberger, Delegate Fred Wiedmer, William Heintz, Dr. Borgelt, Dr. Wiese, W. Wiedmer, William Lockwood and Frank Carr.

## SUNSHINE FOR THANKSGIVING

Temperature Between 25 and 30 Degrees Will Hold the White Mantle Over Thursday.

Snow Thanksgiving and sunshine make a decidedly novel combination, according to the records of the weather bureau. It comes about once in ten years. This year the snow came Tuesday night, Wednesday morning it was still coming, but was about all in.

From the best indications, the weather forecaster was certain it would remain until after the feast. He predicted the temperature for Thanksgiving morning to be between 20 and 30 degrees. The official forecast is:

"Cloudy Wednesday night, Thursday fair. No decided change in temperature. Fresh northerly winds.

An inch and a half of snow fell in St. Louis. The snow fall was quite general, extending over Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, eastern Kansas, Missouri, southern Illinois, Kentucky and the mountain regions of Virginia and North Carolina. Light rains fell in the Gulf states, where the temperature was very high, reaching 84 at Galveston.

Lower temperature prevails in the northwest, the record being 8 below zero at Morehead, Minn.

Locally the thermometer stood at 29 above zero Wednesday and at the same figure at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. During the night it fell one degree.

## BROKERS IN SNOWBALL BATTLE

Thanksgiving Day Festivities at the Stock Exchange Recall the Days of Boyhood, and Business Is Suspended

The members of the St. Louis Stock Exchange made up for a shortage of orders Wednesday morning by a lively session, in which snowballs were the most prominent feature.

Prior to a holiday, the brokers are accustomed to indulge in some little pleasures and the snowfall afforded a chance to have "something doing" as a preliminary to the Thanksgiving festivities. The balcony of the exchange afforded a splendid supply of the material and when one member saw his chance, made a good, big, round snowball and landed it gracefully on the neck of one of his fellows, the fun started.

There was a rush for the balcony and for a quarter of an hour the fun was suspended and a genuine snowball fight, a relic of boyhood days, was enacted on the floor. Some of the timid brokers sought refuge in the many telephone booths that line the walls of the exchange, but their immunity was short lived, as they would be one who would pelted the referee most unmercifully.

The whole performance was good natured and when the older members entered the scene by dropping a snowball or two, the exchange windows onto the fun was carried free from the front door and thought they were free from further attack. Bussers by the fourth street took up the fun and there was nearly lively a time on the street as on the floor of the exchange.

**President's Cousin Weds Count.**  
FLORENCE, Nov. 23.—A civil marriage took place today between Miss Cora Scott, daughter of Mrs. Roosevelt, and Count Arturo Pabst, United States Consul General, and Count Belmont were the witnesses.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER IS DEAD OF PNEUMONIA

Noted Writer for Post-Dispatch and New York World Passes Away After Four Days' Illness—Her Extraordinary Career.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, the foremost newspaper woman in America, died from pneumonia this morning, after an illness of less than a week.

Mrs. Ayer will not soon be forgotten by the readers who have benefited by her advice. She can never be forgotten by those who had the inestimable honor to claim her as their friend.

The name of Harriet Hubbard Ayer has been familiar to millions of newspaper readers for almost a decade, yet few have known of her as other than a most talented writer of the Post-Dispatch and the New York World.

Her acknowledged fame in the newspaper profession was won after a series of misfortunes and reverses which would have overwhelmed any woman not possessed of the most indomitable will. The gamut of social success, immense wealth and all that it may secure, followed by loss of fortune, family and personal bereavements; a second fortune regained by hard work and again lost—all these had been her measure before she ventured into journalism. This was an unexplored field, but her success can only be estimated by those who know the difficulties and hardships that confront the beginner.

Her newspaper triumphs were many. One of her greatest, and one which Post-Dispatch readers must recall, was her interview last summer with Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who has been confined in an English prison almost 20 years for poisoning her husband. Many efforts had been made to secure her release, or at least a new trial, but the English government refused to allow her to state her case to the public. Mrs. Ayer essayed the almost impossible and did it.

Scores of news features and special articles equally as notable could be recounted. And month after month, year after year, Mrs. Ayer continued her regular editorial duties with a never-failing excellence in the matter of interest or elegance in workmanship.

Post-Dispatch readers will remember many articles from Mrs. Ayer's pen portraying romance in real life. In this country or abroad. Fascinating as were all such stories, she never had for a subject a more romantic one than that of her own life. And that she never wrote.

Mrs. Ayer was born in Chicago in 1854. Her parents were Henry G. Ayer and Julia Hubbard, leaders in the life of Chicago at that period. She was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1876, and at the age of 16 she married Herbert Ayer, a man of great wealth.

For 11 years Mr. and Mrs. Ayer enjoyed all the advantages and luxuries which an ample fortune may provide. They traveled extensively and entertained lavishly. There was a mansion in New York, another in Paris and a third in London. The bright, cheerful, the most amusing in the social life in each capital could be found in the Ayer salon or at the Ayer dinner table. They knew everybody, as the phrase is, and their friends were legion.

Then, in 1885, Mrs. Ayer fell for more than \$200,000. Everything was sacrificed to make good the losses. Jewels in profusion, horses, carriages, bric-a-brac, even personal apparel were placed among the available assets.

The misfortune shattered Mrs. Ayer's health and mind and Mrs. Ayer, with three daughters, was left to face the world. She went into trade, with an office in Fifth avenue she began on a small scale her business career. She worked day and night to make it a success. In four years she had cleared \$30,000, but the effort had taxed her strength to such a point that absolute quiet and rest were necessary. She placed the management of her business in other hands and from the date of her retirement the concern began to lose money. Finally it went to the wall and Mrs. Ayer, for the second time, had to solve the problem of living—not only for herself and daughters, but her husband as well, who was mentally incapable of assisting.

It was in 1894 that she accepted an editorial position on the Post-Dispatch and New York World. The work was exacting and at times exhausting, yet she never faltered. She was equal to each emergency. Her bravery, zeal and ability immediately spelled success for her.

Mrs. Ayer's industry and success made it possible for her to educate her daughters abroad. Two married young, while the remaining daughter, and the youngest, is about to begin a career on the operatic stage which has every promise of being most brilliant. Mrs. Ayer's husband died in 1899.

In spite of all her misfortunes Mrs. Ayer remained of sunny disposition, sympathetic nature and of a firm belief in the innate goodness of people. She accounted it a privilege to be of service to a friend or co-worker, even if that service meant great inconvenience to herself. Many such beautiful traits of character, with a personality as charming as it was unaffected and sweet, made her beloved by everyone fortunate enough to be associate or friend.

**TURKEYS ROASTED TOO SOON**  
One Hundred Fat Birds Ready for Thanksgiving Oven Burned in Slaughter House Fire.

One hundred turkeys, dressed ready for the Thanksgiving oven, were roasted in the fire that destroyed the slaughter house of Fred Bothman at 342 Gravois road, together with two stables owned by William T. Robertson, three horses belonging to Bothman and two belonging to Robertson were burned.

The fire was discovered by Policeman Thomas Shannon, who, in company with Robertson, made several efforts to save the live horses. After the fire residents of the neighborhood secured some roast turkey that was very acceptable for immediate table use. Robertson's loss is \$2500. Bothman's, \$1200.



Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

## FILIPINOS PLAY IN "WHITE RAIN"

First Snowstorm of Their Lives Amazes Little Natives at the World's Fair.

MAKE "ICE CREAM" OUT OF IT

White Flakes Stuck to Their Straw Hats, and When It Got Down Their Backs—Ough!

The little Filipinos at their village at the World's Fair did not believe it at first. They had never seen a thing, and thought somebody was playing a prank on them.

After awhile some of the more venturesome dared to investigate. They hurried back, surprised into voluble excitement. It was quite true.

Such a thing was never heard of where they came from. They had seen rain—the usual kind—great quantities of it, and wind, and lightning, and had heard it thunder. But this thing of white rain—a rain that fell in soft, feathery flakes, and held to one's clothing like cotton—was something entirely new.

Hence it seemed to them most remarkable, and as the flakes fell faster and faster, and their coats and straw hats became more thickly covered with it, they investigated more closely.

First, two or three of them—they were the young men, of course—went out into it, and took it up in their hands. They brightened when they saw it. It was so soft. Then they gazed with a new surprise. It did not stick to their hands as it did to their clothing.

They carried some of it into the house. There they put a lot of it in a tumbler, mixed it with sugar, called it ice cream, and ate it.

This morning they were more used to the snow, even though some of the older members of the colony had remained doubtful during the night. Not having ventured out to see for themselves, they had insisted that it was all a prank, and the white water would not be there in the morning.

The young fellows, however, began to enjoy it after a fashion, although their tropical toes did not appreciate the fun of becoming half frozen. They found out, however, that the snow was not so soft as they had thought. It was a hard, cold, and that rainbows would be spread on the ground for them to look at.

The original suit which resulted in the declaring of Williams bankrupt was filed by Lang & Becker to collect money; which, they alleged, had been fraudulently secured by Williams and his companions from one of their traveling men, but which belonged to the firm.

Williams was associated with Robert Boatright, J. T. Stewart, E. E. Ellis, L. R. Gillet and G. O. Stansbury, known as the "five big boys" of the city. The suit was conducted in the United States circuit court, on a case instituted by Lang & Becker, commission merchants at 213 North Fourth street, St. Louis.

Lang & Becker had brought the proceedings of involuntary bankruptcy in an effort to collect a judgment against Williams. Later he was arrested at Hot Springs on charges of concealing property. While in jail he was murdered by his cellmate.

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## TRUST PUT SCREWS UNDER FOOD PRICES

Retailer and Producer Deny Having Contributed to Increase in Cost of Living.

GETTING HOLD OF VEGETABLES

Dealer Says Little Chance Remains for Him to Profit or for Consumer to Save.

Who's to blame for the advance in the price of meat, eggs, potatoes and other things that are regarded as staple food? Retail butchers and provision dealers say the fault is not theirs.

Wholesale packers and provision dealers declare that it is due in no measure to their machinations.

Breeders of beef, raisers of potatoes and owners of chickens point sadly to the silent eloquence of market reports, and ask how they can be considered as having anything to do with it.

The consumer, therefore, may merely continue to pay his extra prices for very ordinary service and limited amount, and wonder.

One retail butcher and dealer in market supplies, who declares that his case is that of many, thus explains the position of the retailers and attempts to place the blame.

"All the trouble is easily explained. The trust packers—Armour, Swift, Morris and the St. Louis Dressing and Provision Co.—never were stronger in Missouri, and they have the retailer and restaurant keeper at their mercy, not only on all meats, but on poultry and eggs as well. They are gradually getting control of the butter market and of some produce, such as celery."

It is getting so that the retail butcher cannot handle restaurant and hotel trade on account of the packers selling it, and they are making no effort for it. The packers sell to the trade at the prices that are made to the retail trade, and both are obliged to pay whatever is asked, regardless of the market value on the live stock.

It looks as though the packers intend to gradually reach out for all desirable consumer's trade, and that the only trade left for the retailers will be the consumers which packers will not bother with.

The situation is anything but encouraging for retailers, and they have no recourse. It is either pay what packers ask, whether goods have to be sold at a loss or profit or shut up shop. And then, too, the butcher must take all the blame, the public, because they do not understand the situation.

Hogs are cheaper than they have been since 1880, and about as low as they have ever been, but the product remains as high and higher in some cases than it was when hogs were almost twice the present price. The same is true of cattle. Advances in both beef and pork have been made recently.

## \$1,000,000 TO BABY'S CREDIT.

Alfred Vanderbilt Makes Memorable Thanksgiving for His Son.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 25.—William H. Vanderbilt, aged 2 years, will have cause to remember the Thanksgiving season of 1903 when he grows up. It reports he true. The second anniversary of the baby's birth will be celebrated by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt will commemorate the event by placing \$1,000,000 to the credit of his first born.

## DEAD 4 MONTHS; FOUND BANKRUPT

Court of Appeals Hands Down Decision in Case of Ex-Foot Racer.

By a decision handed down by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals Wednesday morning, Roger H. Williams, who was murdered in jail at Hot Springs in July, was declared a bankrupt. The decision affirmed the decision of the United States circuit court a few days before the death of the defendant, on a case instituted by Lang & Becker, commission merchants at 213 North Fourth street, St. Louis.

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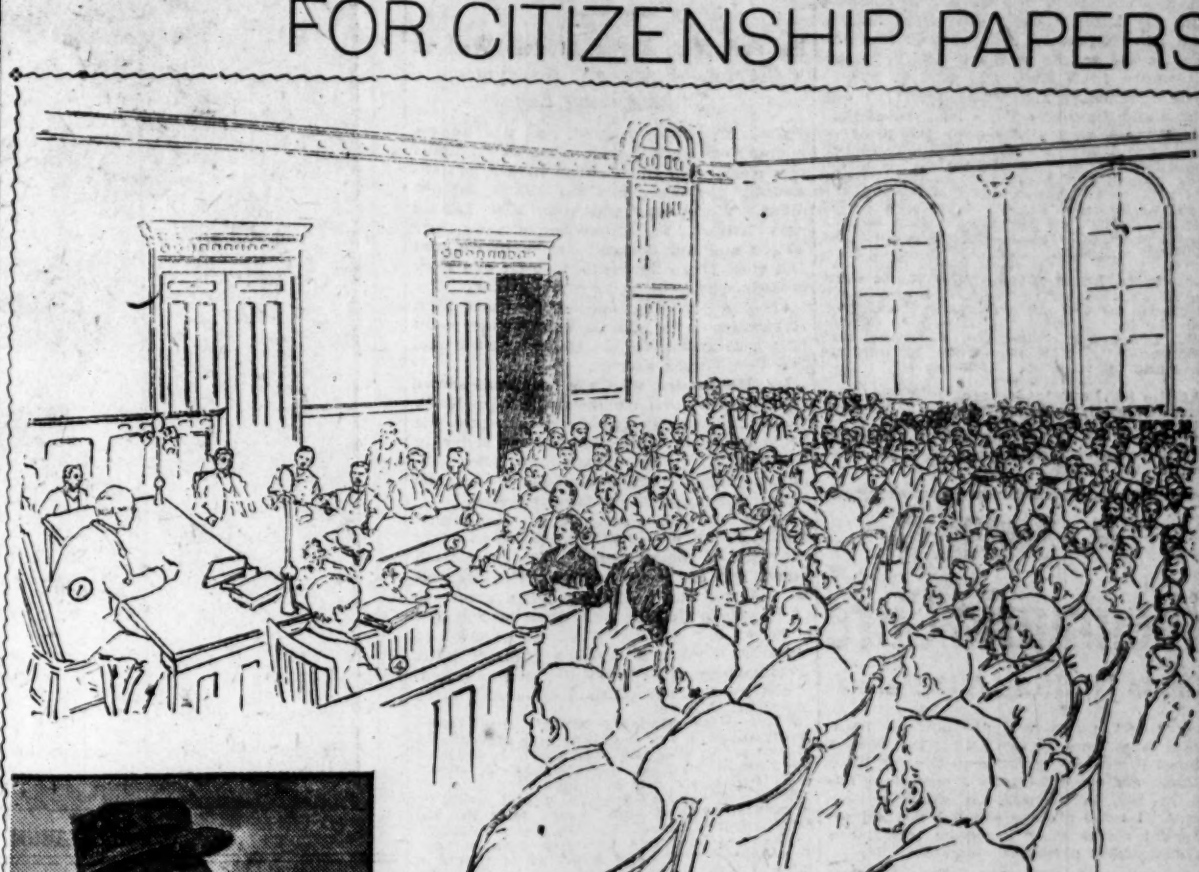
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## GILICK TESTIFIES HE GAVE THE NAMES TO MORROW FOR CITIZENSHIP PAPERS



JUDGE ADAMS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY DYER, DEFENDANTS MORROW AND BARRETT, WITNESS STAND, PRESS TABLE, ATTORNEYS.

## Former Democratic Committeeman Tells of the Meeting With Dockery's Stenographer at the Laclede Hotel

--On Cross-Examination Witness Admits Suggestion to Get the Papers Was His.

With the testimony of Hugh Gillick an elder brother of the chief witness, Joseph J. Gillick, the government has practically concluded its case at 12:15. The district attorney announced at that time that he desired to place one more witness on the stand, but he was not certain whether he could locate this man and asked for an adjournment of court. The testimony of the missing witness is not considered important.

The most important points developed by the government at the morning session of the trial of "Al" Morrow, assistant secretary to Gov. Dockery, and Thomas E. Barrett, charged with conspiring with Joseph J. Gillick to aid and abet naturalization frauds, are:

1. The testimony of John H. Murphy, clerk of the Court of Appeals, who pronounced as fictitious the certificates of naturalization, alleged to have been furnished by Joseph J. Gillick, through the agency of Barrett and Morrow, to the foreigner living in St. Louis County just before the general election of 1900.

Joseph J. Gillick brought Morrow's name in direct connection with the case by declaring that he submitted to Morrow a list of names of persons to be naturalized. Morrow sent the papers back to him by mail. He made the visit to Democratic headquarters to see Morrow regarding the naturalization of aliens. On both occasions he asserted that he went to Morrow for the purpose of giving him the names of foreigner living in St. Louis County, for which he was to receive a fee.

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## LAWYER ACQUITTED OF THEFT CHARGE

Fred B. Harrison, Former Law Partner of Bryan's Opponent, Is Discharged

Fred B. Harrison, a lawyer, was arraigned in the Court of Criminal Correction Tuesday morning on the charge of petty larceny brought by G. W. Hewitt of No. 1315 Chestnut street. Hewitt alleged that Harrison had stolen an overcoat from him. Harrison introduced letters in his defense which showed that he had come to St. Louis from Lincoln, Neb., on a promise of a position at the World's Fair. He had excellent letters from prominent men in Lincoln. Harrison was formerly a law partner of Attorney Fields of that city, who ran against William J. Bryan for Congress at the last election.

Harrison testified that he at one time had a large practice in Lincoln, but that he had been stricken with a nervous affliction and had lost practically everything. He said that his doctors advised him to travel and as he had received a promise of a position in the World's Fair company he came to St. Louis. When he arrived here he was told that his position would not be ready until spring. He then started to find other employment.

### Business and Honeymoon.

Fred C. Meier, former city supply commissioner, and Miss Mabel Southland, who were married at the Grace Lutheran Church Monday night, have departed for New York on a combined honeymoon and business trip.

## CHICAGO & ALTON, ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Special Meeting of Officials to Discuss Plans for Consolidation

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Nov. 25.—Despite the efforts toward secrecy, it was learned here today that the special meeting of the directors of the Chicago & Alton in Chicago is a fact, the sessions being held either at the First National Bank or Illinois Trust Co.'s building.

Alex. Miller, secretary of the Alton, represented the officials of that company and it is announced here that the object is to effect the consolidation with the Illinois Central, as recently reported.

### CITIZENS' ALLIANCE GROWING.

Increased Attendance at the Master Builders' Exchange Meeting. A larger hall will be engaged for the Friday night meeting of the Citizens' Alliance. The attendance at the meeting called at the Master Builders' Exchange Tuesday night more than filled the hall. Every person attending had to be identified to the doorkeeper.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Ida M. Tarbell's

## Story of Rockefeller

is "one of the most remarkable and stirring that has ever appeared in a magazine," says the Chicago Record-Herald. It is running as a serial in

# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

OTHER great articles, nine delightful short stories, and beautiful illustrations in this make the  
**CHRISTMAS NUMBER**  
the best magazine of the month regardless of price. 10 cents a copy. All news stands.

In 1904

Every number of McClure's will have articles of the greatest interest, on subjects of burning national importance. In addition to Miss Tarbell's Standard Oil History, there will be articles by

Lincoln Steffens Ray Stannard Baker  
on the men of influence corrupting our government—  
"Enemies of the Republic," he calls them.

Carl Schurz and Thomas Nelson Page  
will answer: "What are we going to do with the Negro?"  
Personal observations qualify them to know.

"McClure's is justly famous for its short stories." Every number in 1904 will have at least six. You may not always know the writer, but if his story is in McClure's it is a good one.

### SPECIAL OFFER

November and December 1903 numbers given free with a year's subscription for 1904—14 months for \$1.00.

The S. S. McClure Company, 618 Lexington Bldg., New York, N.Y.

## 33 MILES JUST A LITTLE TRAMP

Mrs. Harry Gill of Kirkwood Tells of Foot Tour to Sulphur Springs

"It wasn't much of a walk," said Mrs. Harry Gill of Kirkwood in speaking of the tramping trip to Sulphur Springs, Mo., from which she and her husband returned a few days ago.

Sulphur Springs is 33 miles from Kirkwood, but Mrs. Gill explained her statement by saying, "I am an Englishwoman, and am accustomed to walking. Besides, we went by easy stages. We didn't walk all the time. We rested whenever we cared to do so."

Mrs. Gill has lived in America a year. She is not tall and is girlish in appearance. Walking seems to have given her much health and strength.

This is her story of the walk: "We left home about 10:30 Thursday morning. Mr. Gill carried such things as we were obliged to have in a knapsack. We took sandwiches for lunch time. We sent such other things as we thought we should need to Sulphur Springs by express."

I wore shoes such as I always wear to walk about—not especially heavy. "The roads were in good condition only the first day. The second it was most too warm for comfortable walking."

"We reached Sulphur the afternoon of the first day. "Mr. Gill knew the road well and also knew a farm house where we could stay all night. The farmer's wife gave us good accommodations. As soon as we reached there we stopped, although it was still early in the afternoon. We were traveling for pleasure and had no desire to tire ourselves."

The second day we walked only in the morning. It had rained the night before and the dust was laid. We knew of a stage coach that ran to Kansas City and we had decided that if the weather became bad or anything else happened we would travel in the coach."

Reached Destination in Two Days. "That wasn't necessary. We finished our second day's travel at Hauke Springs. We didn't know any place to go there for lodging. That's one of the difficulties in taking jaunts in America. In England one can stop at any little roadside and get a room that is all right. The inns are usually as old as the villages themselves and their proprietors take a pride in maintaining their respectability."

"We went to a doctor's house in Hauke Springs and asked him to direct us to a place where we could spend the night. He sent us to a good place."

"We finished our trip Saturday morning when we reached Sulphur Springs. "We did not go all the way by main roads. Mr. Gill knew bypaths and we walked along some of them."

"We met few persons along the way except when we came near to little settlements like Antonio, Hauke Springs, Fenton and Murphy's postoffice."

"My husband likes to take long tramps. He walked to Buffalo, 300 miles, several years ago, with a party of men. They traveled 25 days. He had to leave his boots half-soled three times before the journey was done."

"I can walk 15 miles a day without any bother, but I was never considered a crack walker at home. I have girl friends that can do 25 miles a day."

"I walk four or five miles every day. I think it excellent exercise. On Saturdays and Sundays my husband and I take long walks."

"I rode a bicycle a great deal before I left England. It is too much work to ride here, but the English roads are excellent for bicycling."

"Our wedding journey consisted of traveling through England on bicycles. Some times we walked when we tired of riding. We did both walking and riding by easy stages."

"American girls do not seem to walk much. I have spent some time in the East near New York and Newport and nowhere did the girls do much walking."

"We would never think of taking a car at home if we wanted to go a distance that we could walk in 20 minutes. We would consider that absurd."

"We leave street cars for busy persons who have no time to walk. But all Americans seem to be busy."

### CUPID AT BREAKFAST TABLE

Miss Mattie Wells Served J. B. Smith Best Biscuits He Ever Ate—Now She Is a Bride

Alum Cave, Ind., is not a particularly noted place, but Joseph B. Smith, who is in business there, decided that he could make it look more attractive than an Oklahoma town to Miss Mattie Wells.

That he reasoned well is proven by the fact that she is going there tonight as his bride, instead of to Oklahoma with her parents.

Smith met Miss Wells last March at Pinckneyville, Ill. He was there on a business trip and stopped at the hotel conducted by Daniel Wells.

Mr. Wells' pretty daughter served him biscuits and coffee and he liked them better than any meal he had ever tasted.

Before leaving Pinckneyville Smith intimated that he would like to have her supervise the making of his biscuits and coffee for life.

Miss Wells was coy and made no promises. She wrote to him after he returned to Alum Cave and finally consented by mail. They arranged to wed during the winter. Miss Wells, however, did not approve her parents of the matrimonial plans.

The result was that Miss Wells capitulated and agreed to make Alum Cave her future home. Smith came at once to St. Louis, by way of Terre Haute, arriving Tuesday night.

Wednesday morning they took a trolley car for Belleville, where they were married in the court house by Justice of the Peace John A. Redell, as they will tell their friends "at high noon."

### FAREWELL TO ARCHBISHOP.

St. Louis University Will Entertain in Honor of Father Hartley

A farewell reception will be tendered Archbishop Hartley in the library building at the St. Louis University, Wednesday evening, in honor of his departure for Manila. A number of distinguished guests have been invited, among them Gov. Dockery.

The Loretto Alumnae Association gave a reception for Archbishop Glendon, Tuesday Luncheon was served in the historic convent at Florissant at noon and in the afternoon the pupils of the academy gave an entertainment in the hall.

### TROLLEY BUMP INJURES FOUR.

Motorman and Three Passengers Suffer on Chouteau Car.

In a rear-end collision at Eighteenth and Pine streets between a Chouteau avenue car and a Computer Hotel Motorman Jacob Buchanan of the Chouteau avenue car was severely injured about the body and three passengers.

A. G. Bradley of 3401 Pine street sustained a scalp wound; Antonio Hirt, 6341 Bartmer avenue, had one of his arms sprained, and E. J. Lawrence, 5412 Lucas avenue, was internally injured.

"Herb" Druggist Must Have License. Dr. C. Brand was fined \$5 in the Dayton street police court Tuesday on a charge of selling drugs without a license. Brand's defense was that he sold only tulips of medicinal plants, and was not amenable to the law governing the sale of drugs. Justice Follard held that Brand's defense was untenable and the fine was stayed on Brand's promise to take out a license.

## INFERNAL MACHINES IN 2 OTHER MINES

Adjutant-General Bell Says Plot to Kill Non-Union Men Was Extensive

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., Nov. 25.—The coroner's inquest in the case of the two men killed by the explosion in the Vindicator mine was begun today. The evidence produced demonstrated conclusively that the explosion was the result of a plot to blow up the mine, but nothing of a definite character developed to indicate the guilty persons.

The articles found at the scene of the explosion were put in evidence. They consisted of part of a stick of giant powder, a different make from that used in a mine, a pair of wire clippers of a pattern not used by the Vindicator miners, some electric wire and fragments of a revolver. Several witnesses were examined, but no new facts were brought out. The inquest was adjourned until 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

The reason for this was not made public. Today Adjutant-General Sherman Bell, who is in Denver, stated that a large amount of evidence had been secured for the trial of the men suspected of the outrage. A telegram was received from the

## FOOTPADS GOT \$5; OVERLOOKED \$67

Thugs Impersonated Detectives, One Is Arrested and Police Are Looking for Other

At 2:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, two men stopped George Wagner of 230 North Market street at Twentieth and Pine streets, told him they were detectives, ordered him to surrender, and robbed him of \$5.

Five minutes later Wagner found a sergeant of police near the scene of the robbery and reported it to him.

Five minutes after that the sergeant arrested William McHugh of 309 Walnut street, and took him before Wagner, who identified him as one of the robbers.

From descriptions furnished by Wagner and statements made by McHugh, the police think they know the other robber, and are looking for him with the expectation of making an arrest within a few hours.

When the robbers searched Wagner they overlooked a roll containing \$67, which Wagner had in an inside pocket. A warrant charging highway robbery in the first degree has been issued against McHugh, who is held at the Four Courts.

## ONE THOUSAND RIFLES FOR MILITIA IN STRIKE REGION

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The war department has honored the requisition of the governor of Colorado for 1000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles and clothing supplies and other equipment for 100 men.

The supplies were regularly issued under the provisions of the Dick bill for the arming and equipping of the organized militia of the states and territories. It is stated at the war department that the state of Colorado is entitled under the law and they undoubtedly are issued at this time because the Colorado militia has been ordered out by the governor for the purpose of preserving order in the districts affected by the labor strikes.

All the supplies asked for are in stock and will be delivered to the state authorities at once.

This action has no direct relation to the visit of Major-General Bates to Colorado to investigate the labor troubles for the reason that no report has been received from him on the subject.

## DRIVER THROWN FROM Street Car Causes Injuries That May Result Seriously

John Haas, 38 years old, was seriously injured Wednesday morning, when a wagon which he was driving was struck by a west-bound Cherokee street car at Tenth street and Clark avenue.

Haas was thrown heavily to the paving. He sustained severe injuries about the head, a fractured rib and internal injuries. He was taken to his home at 1115 Dillon street.

Schorr Enters at New Orleans. MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 25.—Twelve of Schorr's horses have been taken to New Orleans for the winter campaign by Louis Tauber, Schorr's new trainer.

## Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

will be relished and digested by the weakest stomach, because it is entirely free from fat. It nourishes while it stimulates. The genuine has blue signature.

## CASCADE PURE WHISKY

This is a representation of the Old Fashioned Still used for separating whisky from fermented grain, and it is a SIGN OF PURITY

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers, Nashville, Tenn. DAVID NICHOLSON, Distributor.

## GOLD DUST

It's almost impossible to clean up every crack of dirt, get into the nooks and corners and make things clean and bright without the aid of GOLD DUST

GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, cleaning stoves and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning both room pipes, etc. And making the finest softest GOLD DUST MAKES HARD WATER SOFT

## FREE DENTAL CLINIC

By reliable, accurate dentists, who are experts in our system of natural dentistry. Don't throw your money away on the so-called best dentists when you can have it done for the cost of material. Positively no students.

FULL SET OF TEETH, \$2.00.

Bring this ad with you. Be sure you are in the right place.

EXTRACTED WITH VITALIZED AIR. OUT PAID BY USE OF. We are the only dentists west of New York who make their own Vitalized Air and Gas. Air, Oxygen and Nitrogen. Teeth Extracted Free. Be Sure That You Are in the Right Place. Bring This Ad with You. Gold Fillings Free. WORK DONE ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The oldest and most reliable college in the city. UNION DENTAL COLLEGE. 622 Olive st., 2d floor. Hrs. 10 to 6 p. m.; Sun. days, 10 to 4 p. m. Cor. Third and Olive sts.

## TEETH

Save the Natural Teeth by filling or crowning. Restore the missing ones by Bridges or Plates.

DR. E. C. CHASE, 8 E. Cor. Ninth and Locust streets, St. Louis.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain—Gas Given FOR \$3.00 25c

Full Set of Teeth . . . \$3.00 Gold Crowns . . . 3.00 Bridge Work . . . 3.00

Eastern Painless Dentists 615 LOCUST STREET. J. A. SHORR, DENTIST.

215 N. 7TH ST., SUITE 215, HOLLAND BLDG. BARKER IN DENTISTRY. ALBANY DENTAL CO. TAKE ELEVATOR.

BOSTON STEAM DENTAL ROOMS 415 N. BROADWAY. Dr. J. H. Chase, Prop. Open 10 to 11 P. M. Sundays 10 to 12

# THE ONLY ONE

## There is only One Genuine Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the  
California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co. is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine Syrup of Figs— is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, and as a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

# CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

# MOGUL

## EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

Little tubes of tissue to draw draughts of pleasure thro.

"MOGUL SMOKE MAKES EGYPTIAN SMOKERS"

10 for 15 Cents. Cork Tips or Plain.

Save the Coupons

# CHICAGO EXCURSION

Going November 25th, Returning Nov. 27th.

\$6.00 GOOD IN COACHES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

\$7.50 GOOD ANYWHERE.

Complete information, City Ticket Office, 308 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.



















PAGES 9-16

ST. LOUIS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25, 1903.

PAGES 9-16

## GIRLS UNHURT IN TWENTY-FOOT LEAP

Collapse of Syrup Factory Causing  
One Fatality, Will Be  
Investigated.

## WINE CELLAR BENEATH FLOOR

Negro Standing on Hoghead Catches  
Young Women in Their De-  
scent From Second Floor.

A thorough inspection is being made Wednesday to determine whether the collapse of the building at 215 South Seventh street, related in a Post-Dispatch extra, and resulting in the death of one man and the injury of three others, was due to a boiler explosion or a collapse of the floors.

The building was occupied by the Standard Syrup and Preserving Co., the chief owner of which, Ignatz Schoen, was seriously, and perhaps, fatally injured. William Lenox, engineer, was killed, Albert Schoen, a son of the proprietor, and Alonzo Chouquette, a collector for the company, were hurt.

The collapse occurred shortly after the closing time of the company, and while the proprietor and many of the employees were still in the building. The front part of the four floors, with the stock which they contained, fell into the basement.

Lenox, the engineer, was in the basement and was caught and crushed under the debris. His skull was fractured and both arms were broken. He died at the City Hospital three hours after his removal.

Schoen and his son were together in the office, which was on the second floor. When the elder Schoen was found he had extricated himself and was walking on his feet, although he had suffered a compound fracture of the right leg, a dislocated right ankle and injury to the back and scalp.

Albert Schoen sustained a fracture of the right leg. Both men live at 305 Eads avenue. They were removed Wednesday from the City Hospital. The son has a high fever, and is in a critical condition.

The building was an old one, owned by the Isidor Busch estate, and formerly used as a wine storehouse. Under it are three deep wine cellars, which it is thought may have weakened the supports.

**Girl Moved.**  
Louise Brinkman, aged 17, one of the girls who jumped from a rear second floor window is the only survivor of an aerial mother. Of her 20-foot leap for life, Miss Brinkman said:

"I was labeling glass jars with Daisy Clark. Just a moment before the crash came I called Daisy from the front to work beside me. Less than two minutes later the space where she had been working fell into the cellar."

"We had no warning of the collapse. The first thing I knew was another girl was writhing just like a wave. We went up a couple of feet and then things began to fall."

"The feeling was sickening. My eyes were closed, and when I opened them I felt I was falling a thousand feet. Daisy and I crawled to a window that looks out on the rear yard, and we saw barrels, glass jars and wood were falling like rain."

"It seemed as if someone was just shaking the building down slowly. It would be quiet for a moment, and then another wave of bricks would fall."

"I felt that the safest thing to do was to jump. Daisy and I went to another girl, raised the window and were about to leap out when two workers on that floor caught us."

"While they were struggling with us another section of the flooring came crashing down, and in the excitement we fought ourselves free."

"As soon as the man let go we jumped. It was dark, and I had no idea where I was going to land. I was falling a great part, ran out through the alley and was around on Second street when they took Mr. Schoen out."

## DARING SAVED THIS GIRL; LUCK, THIS MAN FROM DEATH

Miss Louise Brinkman



Miss Louise Brinkman



Alonzo Chouquette

Alonzo Chouquette, a collector for the company, was hurt.

The collapse occurred shortly after the closing time of the company, and while the proprietor and many of the employees were still in the building.

The front part of the four floors, with the stock which they contained, fell into the basement.

Lenox, the engineer, was in the basement and was caught and crushed under the debris.

Schoen and his son were together in the office, which was on the second floor.

When the elder Schoen was found he had extricated himself and was walking on his feet, although he had suffered a compound fracture of the right leg.

Albert Schoen sustained a fracture of the right leg. Both men live at 305 Eads avenue.

They were removed Wednesday from the City Hospital. The son has a high fever, and is in a critical condition.

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Under it are three deep wine cellars, which it is thought may have weakened the supports.

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## CHICAGO STRIKE HAS BEEN SETTLED

All the Men Are to Return to Work  
and All Cars Will Run  
Today.

## MEN LOST IMPORTANT POINT

The Wage Question Is to Be Based  
on the Rate Paid in Other  
Cities.

**WHAT THE STRIKE COST.**  
In loss of receipts to company, \$105,550  
In loss of wages to strikers, 64,900  
In cost to city of wages of 1000  
colleagues, 30,000  
In "strike breaking" expenses  
to company (approximately), 30,000  
In extra expenses to city, handling  
police, etc., 5,000  
In value of lost time of mayor and  
arbitration committee, 10,000  
In loss to company's property, 4,000  
In value of lost time of citizens  
(their estimate), 1,000,000

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—The terms upon which the street railway strike was settled by the committee representing each side was ratified today by the strikers in a meeting called to pass upon the agreement.

The following statement, signed by the mayor and aldermen, is in the hands of President Mahon: "The mayor and committee guarantee to the organization that if any man shall be unjustly treated in reference to being taken back by the company that they will make good."

The agreement reached by the negotiators will be ratified by the union and it is expected that traffic on all lines of the company will be resumed today.

The important concession made by the company was an agreement to restate all the strikers, including the outside union who went out in sympathy with the trainmen, with the exception of those who resorted to violence during the trouble.

The arbitration of the wage scale is to be according to the wages paid outside of Chicago and not on the basis of the local street railways. These are the two points that have been the stumbling block to a peaceful adjustment of the strike for the past week.

The company has insisted that it pay higher wages than any similar corporation in the country. The men were fearful that arbitration on the scale paid in other cities would decrease their wages, and they fought stubbornly for their point.

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## TEARS STITCHES FROM HIS WOUND

Desperate Attempt to Find Death Re-  
newed by Youth Deprived of  
Cigarettes

## GASHED THROAT WAS HEALING

Hands of Patient Tied to Prevent Re-  
newal of Attack on His  
Life.

Realizing that his attempt to end his life Tuesday night had been frustrated by the attentions of the physicians, Alonzo Branson tore seven stitches from the wound in his throat Wednesday morning. He was immediately removed to the surgical ward of the City Hospital and his hands tied to prevent a repetition of his effort to undo the physicians' work.

Mrs. William Branson of 1115 Glasgow avenue believes that the attempt of her son, to end his life was due to nervousness approaching mental derangement, resulting from the sudden abandonment of the cigarette habit ten days ago.

Branson was found in his bedroom suffering from a long, self-inflicted wound in his throat. The nervousness, which probably prompted the attempt, allowed the razor to fall from his fingers before the wound reached a depth that would prove fatal. He is recovering at the City Hospital.

Three weeks ago the young man gave up his position in a shoe factory because of ill-health. Since that time he has spent much of his time about the house. He was a confirmed cigarette smoker, but never smoked to excess, it being impossible for him to smoke less than a pack a day.

About ten days ago he stopped entirely of his own volition. Since he had become very nervous, and members of the family had vied with each other in caring for him, thinking he was ill. His mother will want to the bedroom Tuesday night and found him with the wound in his throat.

**WIFE WAS COMING TO RESCUE.**  
Alarmed at Husband's Absence Mrs. Strube Was Seeking Him.

George W. Strube of 1023 Tudor avenue, East St. Louis, tells the story of a faithful and a tender wife. Strube is an engineer on the St. Louis & Edwardsville railway. Tuesday was payday and the pay car was due early in the evening. Strube left his home at 6 o'clock, promising Mrs. Strube he would return by 6:30.

The pay car was late. The hours passed and a tender wife waited. When he finally got there, after 9 o'clock, his six children told him their mother had gone out to search for him, fearing that he had been assaulted and injured. Then Strube went to search for his wife. He met her on Missouri avenue, weeping and carrying a revolver in her hand. With this, he says, he meant to work revenge on his assailants.

**LIFE SAVED BY A FENDER.**  
St. Louisan Has Narrow Escape From Death at Edgemoor.

Wallace Dennison, 69 years old, of St. Louis, owes his life to the quickness of an East St. Louis suburban motorman. As the car came down the heavy grade at Edgemoor late Tuesday afternoon, Dennison stepped in front of it and the motorman applied the brake and dropped the car. The fender picked him up and carried him until the car was checked.

He was placed on the car and taken to East St. Louis and then removed to the Henrietta Hospital. His injuries were pronounced serious, but not fatal.

**"Force-thoughts"**  
Nov. 25.

**I READ** in the paper the other day that millions of dollars' worth of business went wrong because of the inaccuracy of stenographers. Their mistakes so annoy the men who are handling these interests that they do the wrong thing. The little things upset the big things.

¶ If this is true, I wonder how many still larger interests have been jeopardized or shaken by not eating "FORCE" for breakfast.

If your stenographer is inaccurate, you are jarred from without, but if your breakfast is wrong, you are jarred from within. A jar from inside is so much worse than a jar from outside.

¶ I believe that big deals can only be engineered by a clear brain and steady hand, and that a clear brain and steady hand can only be had when there is sunniness behind them.

I believe that there is only one food which gives that sunniness, and that one food is "FORCE."

If you eat "FORCE" the mistakes of your stenographer will not annoy you and if she eats "FORCE," she will not make mistakes.

Be Sunny!  
Yours truly,  
Luning Jim  
(To be continued.)

## DEPRIVATION OF CIGARETTE CAUSES YOUNG MAN TO SEEK DEATH TWICE

Hands of Patient Tied to Prevent Re-  
newal of Attack on His  
Life.



Alonzo Branson

## COCKRELL FAVORS PANAMA TREATY

If Properly Framed, Senator Believes  
Party Issue Will Not Be  
Raised.

United States Senator Francis Marion Cockrell will depart for Washington Wednesday night to attend the sessions of the Senate military committee, which is hearing the charges against Gen. Wood.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning Senator Cockrell went to the Federal building, where the trial of "Al" Morrow and Thomas E. Barrett for alleged naturalization frauds is in progress.

Senator Cockrell was subpoenaed as a witness by Morrow, who spent his boyhood in Warrensburg, the senator's home town.

On his arrival in the courtroom Senator Cockrell was escorted into the large room in the rear of the judge's bench, where he held a levee throughout the morning, waiting to be called as a witness.

James M. Thayer was among the callers. Gov. Dockery, also a character witness for Morrow, spent considerable time with Senator Cockrell.

Being Cockrell, son of the senator, was with his father throughout the morning. He is an attorney at Warrensburg.

In reference to the Panama situation, Senator Cockrell said to the Post-Dispatch:

**No Concerted**  
**Fight on Treaty.**  
"It is difficult for me to say much about the Panama situation for the reason that I know very little about it. All my information on the subject is gleaned from newspapers."

"I have not yet seen a copy of the treaty with the new republic or any of the other papers in connection with the case, but I doubt they will be sent to the Senate in time, as the treaty must be ratified by the Senate."

The whole business certainly looks like pretty quick work, but even then, it may be all right. Just because the Republican administration has done it does not make it wrong, even to a Democratic senator. Occasionally the Republicans do things just right."

¶ I doubt whether there will be any concerted attack on the treaty and the situation of the administration by Democratic senators, as has been reported.

"I can not speak for all the Democratic senators, but I am sure they will do their duty on the canal question. I may vote for it myself. If it is favorable, I certainly will."

"I am by no means opposed to the recognition of the new republic. I would like to know more about the circumstances connected with its birth, however, before discussing it in length."

**Opposed Cuban Annexation**  
Concerning the question of Canadian annexation, Senator Cockrell said:

"Senator Hale did not declare that we ought to annex Canada in his speech last week. At least, that was not the purpose of what he said, although it has been so construed."

"Senator Hale spoke in response to a resolution introduced by Senator Newlands of Nevada. This resolution invited Cuba to apply for annexation to the United States."

"The resolution was a very unfortunate one. I am not in sympathy with it. I declared myself in favor of reciprocity with Cuba in my earlier campaign, and am still in favor of it, and will vote for the pending bill."

Senator Hale, in discussing the Newlands resolution, said the United States ought to have invitations for other countries to join it.

Senator Cockrell said he preferred not to talk at length concerning the case of Gen. Wood, as it was being heard by the military committee in executive session. He is a member of the military committee of the Senate, and if the committee should report unfavorably on the case, he would not know it, he remarked.

## "LIAR!" SHOUTS ANGRY MERCHANT

Delegate Hughes Gets Sharp Retort  
While Addressing Council  
Committee.

## BREWERY WANTS A STREET

Former Speaker Reviled for Intimat-  
ing That Personal Considerations  
Caused Citizens' Attitude.

Wrath, threats and turbulence brought a hearing before a committee of the Council to a sudden and exciting close.

The characters who figured most prominently in the controversy, which almost developed into fistfights, were William H. Hughes, former speaker of the House of Delegates and delegate from the Tenth ward, and August Steinmeyer of 245 South Broadway.

The cause which led to the trouble was a bill which provided for the vacating of a part of Thirteenth street.

Some months ago Delegate Lackland introduced the measure in the house. It provided for the vacating of Thirteenth street between Cherokee street and Broadway. It passed and went to a committee of the Council. Protest was made by a number of property owners along Thirteenth street, and a public hearing was called.

As no remuneration to the city is called for in the bill, the street, if it is vacated, will become the property of the Lemp Brewing Co., who now occupy and own the property on the corner.

At the hearing yesterday Steinmeyer opposed the measure because it would close the only avenue through which the large trade comes from residents west of Broadway.

Hughes declared that Steinmeyer's reason for opposing the bill was that the Lemp Brewing Co. had asked him to make an exorbitant price for a piece of property and that this refusal had made him an enemy of the brewing company.

Steinmeyer shouted, "You're a liar!" Hughes then was an uproar. All those present sprang to their feet and for an instant a general mix-up between the two factions was imminent. The crowd finally retired, and Chairman Markham brought the hearing to a close.

**PRINCIPAL'S CLOTHES BURNED**  
Live Coals Falling From Grate Cause  
Blaze in Home of Professor  
E. D. Luckey.

Fire starting from live coals which fell from the grate at the home of Prof. E. D. Luckey, principal of the John Marshall School, at 329 Wednesday morning, destroyed clothing valued at \$100 and furniture worth \$50, at 405 West Belle place.

The clothing was being prepared for the winter in the front room of the second floor, and no one was in the room at the time. By the time the members of the family discovered the fire, it was well started. Although the members of the family and neighbors made several efforts to put out the fire, the clothing and the furniture in the room before the department arrived, the escaped serious burns. Prof. Luckey was at the school when the fire was discovered.

**MISSOURI SUPREME COURT**  
Decisions Rendered in Twenty-Seven  
Cases, Most of Them From  
St. Louis.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 25.—Division No. 1 of the Missouri supreme court, after a noon recess, rendered opinions in 27 cases, as follows, and adjourned to Dec. 22:

By Justice: Benton Land Co. vs. Seller; affirmed. Bates vs. St. Louis Transit Co.; affirmed. Wright Investment Co. vs. Fiske Realty Co.; affirmed.

By Robinson: Citizens' Bank vs. Burns; reversed and bill dismissed. Hamilton vs. Hamilton; affirmed. St. Louis vs. Galt; affirmed.

Clark vs. M. E. & A. T. Ry. Co.; reversed. Galt vs. St. Louis; reversed. Warner vs. St. Louis & Suburban Railway Co.; reversed and remanded with directions.

Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded.

By Justice: Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded. Lillard vs. a libel; reversed and remanded.

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We'll send you a sample free, upon request.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION, 60 Pearl Street, New York.

This is the season of the year when Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work. Fortifying the system against the ravages of winter is one of the most effective uses of Scott's Emulsion; it builds up the strength of the whole body and puts one in a healthy, vigorous condition.

Weak lungs, throat troubles or bronchial affections get more positive help and relief from Scott's Emulsion than from any other source.

Cod liver oil itself is very scarce just now; cheap adulterations and mixtures of inferior oils are offered everywhere.

This is why Scott's Emulsion should be insisted upon. It never varies from the high quality and absolute purity that has made it the standard for thirty years.

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## ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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# THE POST-DISPATCH'S BEST 6 MONTHS

JANUARY TO JUNE 1903

## SUNDAY CIRCULATION

204,209

AVERAGE DISTRIBUTION PER ISSUE

50,000 Largest West of the Mississippi

A paper sold for every home in the City of St. Louis

Have the meat packers "busted" their parole?

Poor Roosevelt! He will have to meet those determined women who are after Smoot.

The Boston girl who saved six shipwrecked sailors is deserving of a new pair of gold spectacles.

It is hoped Diogenes won't come to town with his lantern until this graft and boodle ball lifts. He would be discouraged.

THE NOMINATING CONVENTIONS.

St. Louis is especially pointed out as the proper place for the two national conventions in 1904 because it will then be the center of the world's interest.

People who visit the World's Fair will hope and expect to see as much of American life and as many examples of American institutions as can be gathered within the city.

Those who desire to study our political institutions will appreciate the opportunity to watch the proceedings of a political convention, where the party system is always seen working at white heat.

As an exhibit of American politics a nominating convention will be most instructive. St. Louis should be chosen, out of respect to foreign visitors who want to know something about our political system. It will be one of the best advertisements of American genius.

A sprite on the Missouri building would look sprightly.

WHERE M. QUAD FELL DOWN.

Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), who has been furnishing this country with fun for 30 years or more, and who finally became so celebrated and prosperous that he left Detroit and went to live in New York, proved himself to be devoid of the saving grace of humor when the crisis came in his own life, when he was sued by a young woman, who claimed that he owed her money for literary work performed. In other words, M. Quad "fell down" at the critical moment.

A new stage star as he is should have been too keenly alive in the first place to write letters to a young woman who was given to calling him "Dear Old Dad." He should have foreseen the fact that these letters were liable to lead to a civil court and thus render him ridiculous in the eyes of the public he had delighted so many hundreds of times. Having presented the ridiculous side of human nature so often, so delicately and deliciously, M. Quad should have been able to see that he was about to place himself in a predicament more laughable than that of any of the scores of fictitious characters whose adventures he has recorded for our delectation.

But no, M. Quad "fell down." Like most other humorists, he made the mistake of taking himself too seriously. He could not see that he was making himself a laughing-stock, even for those who love him best. No, he missed out at the most important moment. Instead of a joker, M. Quad has become a joke.

The cheap cattle and deer meat scheme is again propagating the vegetarian idea.

FOOTBALL FATALITIES.

The football season is not yet closed, but 17 deaths are recorded. Last year 13 players were killed. In 1901 8 lost their lives in this jolly pastime.

The criticism of Prof. Atkinson, a well-known London surgeon, now in this country, is timely and to the point.

Dr. Atkinson thinks our game is magnificent and picturesque, but too strenuous, by far. He observes "an overweening desire to win, rather than the sport for sport's sake." "It induces slugging and rough playing of all sorts." And he cites examples to prove his case.

Then he adds these words of common sense: "The training necessary for your football players to put up such a strenuous game must be a disadvantage to them in after life. We train our athletes with a view to give them a foundation for continued physical training."

The game as played in America has killed outright 38 men in three years. The survivors, according to this view, will never recover from the consequences of their strenuous folly.

It seems time to inquire into a game so fatal to life and usefulness. Wouldn't it be wise, wouldn't it be practically sensible to check the ardor which makes for slugging and discourages the spirit of real sport?

J. D. R. writes as J. P. M. writes.

EVENING PLAY CENTERS.

Post-Dispatch readers have been discussing the problem of preventing boys from getting into mischief or committing such crimes as will bring them before the juvenile court. Authorities are agreed that most of the mischief done by boys is a result of lack of opportunity to engage in harmless activity as an outlet for natural love of play and youthful enthusiasm.

New York is trying an experiment that will interest parents and guardians who are studying this problem. The basements of school buildings are being equipped as evening play centers for boys who are past school age and have nowhere to spend their evenings except the streets or questionable places of amusement.

In these play centers hundreds of boys are to be found, playing checkers, dominoes, crokinole and other games. Class

rooms are provided for those intellectually inclined, and the branch libraries offer their tempting shelves to all. In this way, many a boy who enters merely to play, becomes a student. St. Louis has begun a period of growth that will make it wise to follow the lead of other great centers of population, in everything that tends to save the youthful citizen from ruin. Vacation playgrounds, lecture courses, access to libraries, and opportunities for play and study during winter evenings will all aid in this direction.

In the reinstatement of Anna Dreyer in the postoffice and Andrew G. McGraw in the subtreasury for the purpose of giving them a hearing on the charges preferred against them the Post-Dispatch has won a substantial victory for justice. But the hearings must be thorough and genuine for the purpose of bringing out the truth and establishing justice, and not merely formal and perfunctory, for the purpose of making the record technically correct. The issue in this case is not the technical record, but the right of employees to protect themselves from the persecution of superiors and to testify concerning the conduct of superiors without fear of arbitrary dismissal. In the Anna Dreyer case the special issue is the right of a business girl employed in the government service to defend her honor and her reputation from attack. A kindred issue is presented in the McGraw and Joseph Dreyer cases, because they were dismissed arbitrarily, for helping to protect a girl employed in the postoffice. This issue must be definitely settled. It must be determined whether, under the Roosevelt administration, a respectable woman can enter the public service.

### THE MEAT COMBINE.

Investigation by farmers who raise cattle reveals a loss in one year of \$865,000,000 to that interest in the states of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, due to the manipulations of the beef combine.

According to the records cited in the statement in Monday's Post-Dispatch No. 1 beef on the hoof sold from \$7.50 to \$8.63 per 100 pounds 15 months ago. The current prices are from \$8.85 to \$9.40.

Having "done" the farmer, the combine turns its attention to the consumer, who is found to pay the same or higher prices than those which ruled 15 months ago.

Some time ago a combine in Missouri was broken up by proceedings in the supreme court. That conspiracy was based upon a contract or agreement whereby the packers jointly fixed the price, but the same wrong turns up again, this time by virtue of a "mutual understanding."

It is the same thing called by a different name. This is the way of trust robbery. If one form of combination doesn't survive the scrutiny of the courts, another is assumed. One after another new garments are put on until, from sheer weariness, the victims submit.

It is the rake's progress to prosperity and power. It is also a telling illustration of the evils of trust domination.

The packed people in the street-car aisles seem never to be used to the packing. The same protesting expression is ever on their faces. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish whether the pent-up wrath is for the company or for the contented people who are in the seats.

The woman has appeared in the Wood case. In fact, there are several. Women have played a destructive part in American politics ever since Peggy O'Neal broke up Jackson's cabinet.

Whatever Mr. Cleveland's ambition may be, he is not seeking the vegetarian vote. The 100 ducks he has just shot bear witness to the fact as much as if they were Roosevelt bears.

Mr. Newlands is not acquainted with the old lands if he expects Porto Rico to willingly become a province of Cuba.

The death of Mr. Amos of Kansas leaves Uncle Shelby Culum as the only Lincoln double.

Has leniency increased the prices of lean meat?

Simon is saying "thumbs up" to the grafters.

Have the Texas defunct oil companies been cremated?

Vegetable oysters are likely to be served with this year's costly turkey.

The bull pup that chewed three persons within 12 hours must have felt that his license had been paid for.

The German princess who has eloped from her castle with a coachman will be likely to miss her automobile.

The Filipinos have shivered in our autumn cold; the African pygmies may get here in time for "gentle spring."

There is in Boston so much intellectual illumination that only one and a half electric lights are sufficient for each person.

The young people at least are confident that prosperity is to be perpetual. See the long list of Thanksgiving marriage licenses.

If the banana and potato are almost identical in chemical composition, why should we show the tropical article any favors?

Again the man who is always too cold and the man who is always too warm will be doing their toll stunts in the same room this winter.

The Kentucky woman who got her \$2000 diamonds from the ash barrel two minutes before the ashman drove up, was in no way connected with the drama.

The remark of the Rev. Mr. Taiter that a minister in these days must have flaxen hair, parted in the middle, may tempt many young ministers to try blonde.

POST-DISPATCH ANSWERS.

Legal questions not answered. Business addresses not given. No hints decided. Don't say "Shallower" or "Constant Reader." One initial is enough. Address all letters, "Answers, Post-Dispatch, City."

To W. E. B.—Thanksgiving, 1892, on Nov. 30.

L. STETIN—July 4 is a state legal holiday.

A.—Land office Springfield, Ironton, Bonville.

SANTA.—Postoffice pays no city taxes; only water rates.

PETER A.—Silver dollar, 1798, small eagle, is worth \$2; large eagle, \$1.60.

M.—Tom Nawn's dream began when he opened the Egyptian jar and released the genie.

O. W.—We cannot trace the case of the man who killed his sweetheart unless you can give names of the street on any side.

GADDELY (Alton).—The puzzle you sent in was thrashed over in the Post-Dispatch long ago; can't reprint it at our time.

O. N.—Julia Marlowe played here last season in "The Cavalier," the same play is played more than once here in a season by one company.

SAM.—Wheatland, Laramie County, Wyoming, 96 miles north of Cheyenne, on Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Railways. Population, 622.

A. W. B.—A wall six inches thick made of elder concrete and plastered outside with cement would have less dampness than a brick wall, but it would probably not be so strong.

J. S.—To "start a card printing business" at your home, "for everybody at home and abroad," you would be required to have a license, no matter what the name given the business.

BLANKMAN.—We found no one who knows that a priest went from St. Louis to Germany four or five years ago in search of facts in regard to the Irish language. It is said, however, that the language can best be studied in German universities.

J. R.—Largest human brain of 290 measured was that of a woman, 115 cubic inches; the smallest adult male's, 41 cubic inches. There is mentioned the skull of one of the Inca Peruvian race which is but 90 cubic inches. The Caucasian skull is larger than that of any other race.

F. W. P.—Even numbers are on the east and south sides of a street, and odd numbers on the north and west sides, because the numbers are thus continued the full length of the street on any side.

It is even numbers were not on the left in going south on Market street they could not be on the right if you were going north.

## JUST A MINUTE WITH THE POST-DISPATCH POET & PHILOSOPHER

### A FEW REASONS.

If you have never been indicted, Give thanks.

Or by the jury-grand frightened, Give thanks.

If you have never had, with pain, Certain transpositions to explain, And shuddered at a bail and chain, Give thanks.

If facts you have not had to straddle, Give thanks.

Or from your native land skeddaddle, Give thanks.

If you have never had to go, To England, France or Mexico To dodge a boodle warrant, oh, Give thanks!

If you have never robbed the city, Give thanks.

And felt the law's heel, rough and gritty, Give thanks.

If you've escaped the awful mess That brought about our "namelessness," Come forward! To the altar press! Give thanks!

If you have lived a life that's decent, Give thanks.

And felt no pang of conscience recent, Give thanks.

If you have never tried to skin Your fellow man and put him in, So he cannot hope to win, Give thanks.

If you have smiled when some were solemn, Give thanks.

If your good deeds would fill a column, Give thanks.

If you're the owner of a liver, Give thanks.

Oh, to the great and blessed Giver, Give thanks!

Are You Thankful?

Thankful this year? Why, of course you are. If you are right-minded and ordinarily appreciative of the good things of life, material and otherwise.

Thankful? Why certainly you are! If you were not, you would not deserve to be on speaking terms with Providence for a whole year.

If you were not, you would deserve to be the prey of Ill Fortune for 12 months to come.

If you were not, you would deserve to be haunted by Bad Luck and to have a tale of woe as long as a hangman's dream.

Who is not thankful this week, and all other weeks, for that matter?

It is a mistake to suppose that there is only one Thanksgiving day in each year.

There are 365 of them, and in leap year there are 366.

Every day, in other words, is Thanksgiving day, and the man who fails to give thanks only robs himself of all opportunity for spiritual growth and elevation.

The man who fails to give thanks for even temporal blessings once a day shows himself to be less appreciative than my little dog, who gives thanks 40 times a day in intelligible language (if I apply to her the personal pronoun because she is vastly more intellectual than any man who makes less than \$2.50 a day) and who knows when she is well off and is duly thankful for blessings received and enjoyed.

The man who is not thankful for the blessings of life—material and immaterial, mental and spiritual, financial and physical—is an ingrate and does not deserve to be remembered, either by Santa Claus or Cupid, Minerva or Momus. He is an automaton, a happy and grateful people.

However deep may have been his affliction, however great may have been his sorrow at his grief, he is a poor excuse for humanity, a narrow-minded, soul-contracted specimen, if he cannot read Emerson's essay "On Compensation," count his blessings, discount his sorrows and conclude that, all things considered, he is one of the luckiest individuals on the map.

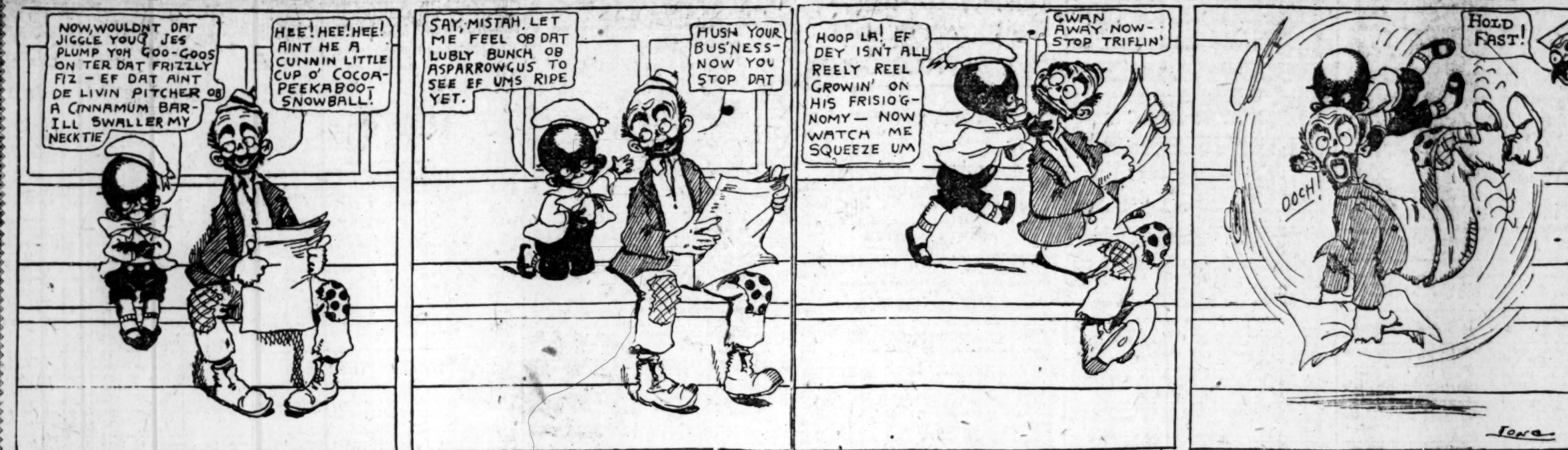
Down Town.

If foodstuffs keep on going up, I have a quiet lunch.

That certain man from home



## LITTLE DIXIE==The Coon Kid Makes the Acquaintance of Weary Waggles.



## A Trick of the Type

There was a dinner in the best Chinese restaurant in New York to a highly bred Chinese woman, who is here to do school work. One of the editors of a great New York newspaper is interested in the work. He went to the dinner and asked that a good reporter should be sent to write a pleasant account of the dinner for next morning's paper.

The reporter went to the dinner, came to the office, wrote a pleasant third of a column and went home to bed. Next day when he came he was summoned before the editor. The editor was furious. "Is this your idea of humor?" he asked, holding out a clipping to the reporter.

"I don't understand," said the reporter. "Don't understand?" roared the editor. "Well, read that sentence and then you will understand."

The reporter read: "Rice, mice and Oolong flowed freely."

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "I wrote it 'Rice, wine and Oolong.'" And he had, but the demon of the types had pursued and caught the editor who wanted to be particularly nice to the highly bred Chinese woman.

## SHE WAS HOPEFUL

Mrs. Nextdoor: They say that the Widow Flipperton is after another husband.

Mrs. Homer: Goodness me, I hope she isn't after mine.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET

## ADVICE TO SUICIDES.

A most valuable tip to would-be suicides if afforded by the action of Charles Gemsh, who was restrained from committing the "rash act" (we believe that is the phrase) by Joseph Rick. The reason that Rick interfered was that Gemsh was trying to drown himself in the Rick cistern. He was awakened by the noise Gemsh made in trying to get the cover off, and, going out, persuaded him to forego his determination. The amount of persuasion necessary, is not stated, but we observe that Gemsh is still living.

We trust the point of the story is not lost on those contemplating an early shuffling off. Since an inability to get money for one's family is one of the great moving causes of suicide, the Gemsh method should offer peculiar charms. By beginning early in the morning to threaten self-slaughter on the premises of neat people who don't like to have the yard littered up, the enterprising suicide might accumulate a tidy sum by nightfall, and end his work at home amid the blessings of his family.

Another, and even more remunerative method of making off with one's self comes to mind. The world is sated with the conventional sensations of the drama, and demands a stronger appeal to the emotions. By hiring a hall and advertising to make way with himself at a given hour, the would-be self-destroyer could sell enough tickets to keep his family from want for years, and at the same time gratify his own appetite for the spectacular and dramatic, an appetite that all suicides seem to possess in virulent form. By adopting the means suggested, suicides, instead of being a profitless nuisance to the community, could contribute largely to its pleasures, and at the same time benefit their loved ones. And the parks and reservoirs would not be so frequently mused up.

Mrs. Swisher was fined \$5 for scratching a policeman. Perhaps she thought he had an "itching palm."

The euche party is getting to be as bad as the craps function. Young man fatally stabbed at one recently.

A correspondent suggests that there should be a statue of some kind on the dome of the Missouri Fair building. Here is another chance for the mule to be recognized.

The man who can't afford turkey tomorrow should be thankful if he has indigestion.

While walking on the running board of the engine a fireman was thrown off and hurt. Maybe the running board resented being walked on?

A tribe of African pygmies will be shown at the Fair. The officials of the transit company will probably try to induce them to settle in St. Louis—such a number of them could be squeezed into one car!

The Boodlers' Thanksgiving—"For the statute of limitations, let us be thankful!"

The original ice-box robber who has been arrested, evidently did not take the precaution to secure a copyright of his plan. It is being infringed right along.

Jules Verne is said to be writing his one hundred and first novel. That is a record for the Indiana school of fiction to go against.

"The melancholy days have come. The saddest of the year." The ice man and the coal man. Both rob us of good cheer.

Brain fax is said to be very common in English Society. How different English Society must be from ours?

How times have changed! Twenty-five years ago a woman broke her leg getting off a horse car. Now we break our necks.

## LUCILE REVAMPED.

We may live without beefsteak or mushrooms or stew;

We may live without brains—as a lot of us do.

We may live without sanity—most folks are daft;

But job-holding man cannot live without graft.

We may live without brains—what are brains but delusion?

We may live without guests—what are guests but intrusion?

We may break any will—such has flaws in its drafting.

But he who'd get rich must look after his grafting.

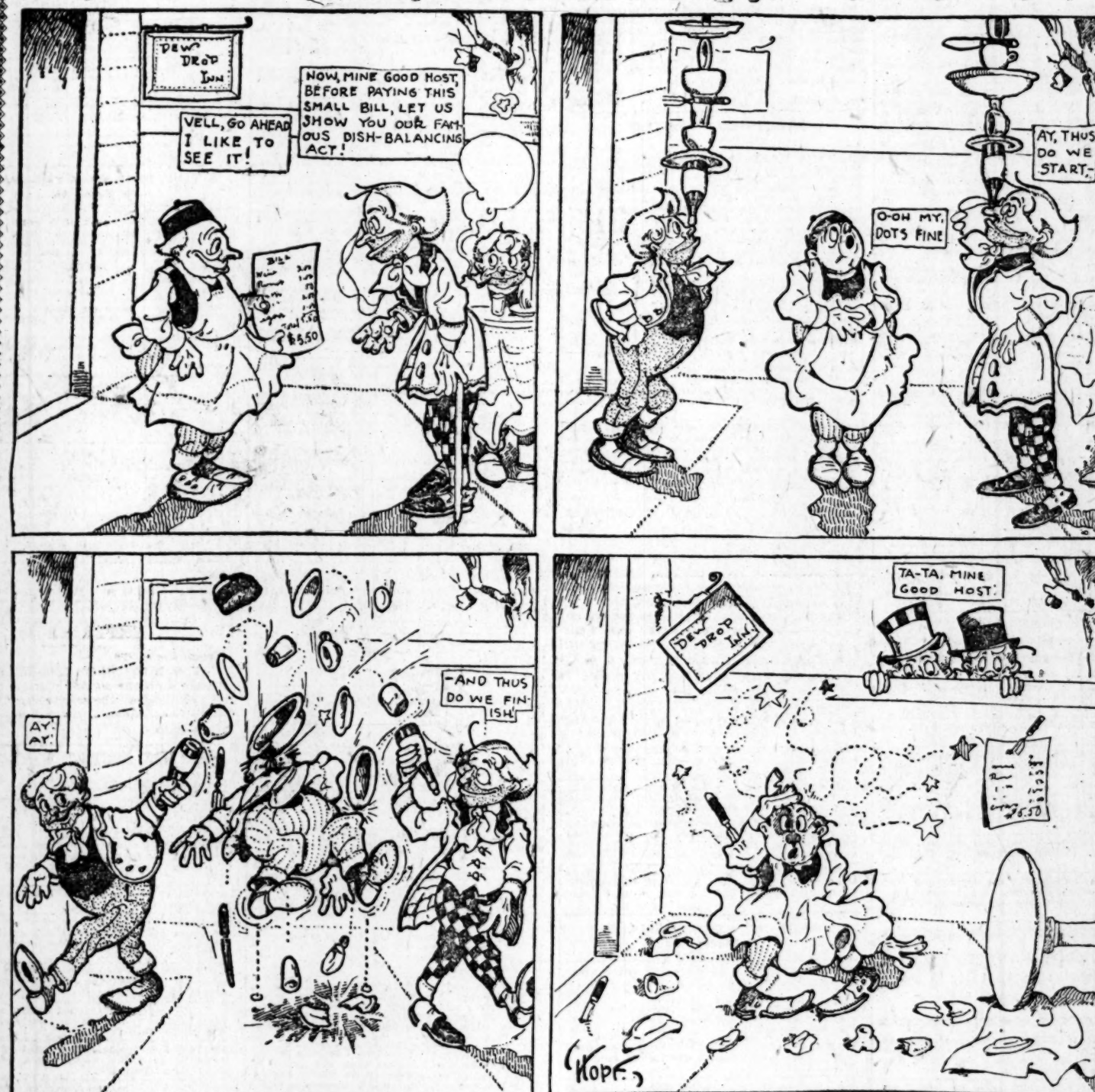
—Baltimore American.

## WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

"What would you say to a good steady job of work?" asked the kind woman.

"What would I say to a job of work?" repeated Perry Patette. "Misus, it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it."

## Hamm and Aiggs--Stranded Vaudeville Team They Never Go Hungry.



## WHAT TO DO FOR THE FURNACE

"Can you tell me what's the matter with a furnace when it won't burn?" asked the man who had just bought an ash after of the hardware merchant.

"There's nothing the matter with it," replied the hardware merchant. "If it burned it wouldn't last long and that's one of the principal reasons that they make them of iron."

"I mean coal," said the customer—"at least, I don't mean that it won't burn coal, because it does. It burns coal about as fast as I can shovel it in. It doesn't send up any heat, though."

Another man who had been looking interested, said: "How about your cold air draft? Maybe you open it too much. Now, if the weather gets pretty cold I shut off all but a very little and I don't have any trouble. Most people—"

The draft man said: "I get the small egg. It costs more by the ton, but you'll find it cheaper in the long run. You get up in the morning and throw in two or three shovelfuls and—"

"I'll tell you," said the hardware merchant. "I know what I'm talking about. The way to run a furnace is to shake it down well. That keeps up combustion, no matter what the coal is. Keep the under draft free and give it plenty of cold air to force the hot air up and you'll get your heat all right."

"What's that?" asked the man who had brought the ash after, with a bewildered look.

"Move into a steam-heated flat," replied the stout man. "I'd live longer. Darn a furnace, anyhow."

"I guess that's right," said the cold-draft man. And there was a general chorus of assent.

man. "Another thing about it is you want always to wet your coal down. And you can say what you like about plenty of cold air, but you don't want cold air coming through your registers, and that's what will happen if you throw in more than your furnace can heat."

"If you bank it up right—" began the hardware clerk.

"What's the trouble?" demanded a stout man who had just entered. "Furnace? I'll tell you what I'd do if I had a furnace that wouldn't work."

"What's that?" asked the man who had brought the ash after, with a bewildered look.

"Move into a steam-heated flat," replied the stout man. "I'd live longer. Darn a furnace, anyhow."

"I guess that's right," said the cold-draft man. And there was a general chorus of assent.

## DIPLOMATIC FINISH

"My dear," said the young husband, "you remind me of an elephant."

"Brute!" exclaimed the newly made bride, who was a trifle sensitive on the question of avoirdupois.

"Because an elephant is terribly afraid of mice," calmly concluded the financial head of the matrimonial trust.

## QUITE SUFFICIENT

"Madame" began the agent, as Mrs. Short opened the door, "have you a piano?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well," he continued, "I am introducing a new automatic attachment for pianos and if you—"

"Don't want it," interrupted Mrs. a. "Our piano has a sheriff's attachment, and I guess that will hold it for a while."

## THE POST-DISPATCH DAILY STORY Teacher's Beau

The Children Wanted Friday After Thanksgiving for a Holiday. Miss Carr, the Teacher, Couldn't See It That Way—Then Rob Heard That Lieut. Bradford Was Home on a Furlough—This Is the Story of How Rob Secured the Holiday.

## BY ADA C. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1935, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Miss Carr smiled as she glanced at the blackboard and her cheeks reddened. A rude drawing of a soldier, labeled "Teacher's Beau," adorned the room, evidently the work of one of the boys.

"Robert," she said, quietly, to a lad of 12, who sat giggling behind his slate, "take the floor, please, and, first, clean the blackboard."

The whole school broke into a laugh, but Miss Carr looked over the lessons for the day, and left Robert standing, first on one foot, then on the other, in the middle of the floor. The other children gradually settled down to the morning routine.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and young feet were tingling to be out running over the frosty roads and fields, young hearts were full of anticipations over the morrow. Children were children in 1935, even as they are now.

A petition was already signed by every boy and girl in the school, asking that Friday be made a holiday, so that there might be four whole days of freedom and delight. But Rob, the prime mover in the affair, was in disgrace, and how was he going to act, with the petition in his pocket, too, so no one else could present it?

At last Rob solved the problem.

"Teacher," he said, from his stand near her desk.

"Well, Robert?" answered Miss Carr, inquiringly.

"I have a favor to ask in behalf of the school," began Robert, whose father was a minister, and his parentage accounts for his presence of mind as well as for other facts in relation to him. "Here," went on Rob, holding out the petition, and then, looking at Miss Carr's set features, Rob halted.

She took the paper, read it carefully, and laid it on her desk.

"You may take your seat, Robert," she said, and went on with her writing.

The morning wore away, and at noon no one knew whether Miss Carr intended to grant the coveted holiday or not. Just before the afternoon recess, the teacher spoke:

"I do not feel that the school quite deserves an extra day's vacation," she said. Dismay spread over the room. "And as for me, I really dread tomorrow, a long, dreary day to one away from home and friends, and I shall be glad when the schoolbells ring Friday morning. You may go on with your lessons."

It was indeed the rest of that day and at 4 o'clock the children fled in orderly array, and no one whooped until he or she was several yards from the little, one-story district schoolhouse of Stony Brook.

After church the next morning—the service was held in the schoolhouse—Rob and his chum, Dave, were hurrying home to get into their "other clothes," when they met Hiram Clover, a boy from Beechham, the neighboring town, and the home of Miss Carr and her soldier lover. Hiram was full of the news that Lieut. Bradford had just arrived home that very morning, all unexpected by his mother having been sent from the front on recruiting service for his regiment. A great thought struck Rob.

"Dave," said he, "I am willing to lose my Thanksgiving dinner, if you'll get your father to lend me old Doll."

"I'm in favor," returned Dave, "but I guess you'd better take pa's leave for granted. Go and catch her. She's in the pasture—I'll bring you a bride, blanket and surcingle from the barn. That's the best I can do."

"I am going for you—and for all the school," said Rob, solemnly, "and I lose my dinner for it. Remember!"

It took an hour to capture the wary Doll, but just as the appetizing odors of 1 o'clock Thanksgiving day, began to rejoice the hearts of men, women and children alike, a small, solitary horseman was seen galloping over the hill toward Beechham.

"Mercy on us!" fretted grandma, as soon as the minister's blessing had been said, "where can Robbie be? To think of a boy of that age being late for Thanksgiving dinner!"

Morning dawned, crisp and cold. There was a smoky fire in the long, box-like stove in the schoolroom. The children came into the place slowly, and almost moodily. Miss Carr greeted them with a calm face, but her eyes told the story of the home-sick day and sleepless night just passed.

At half past nine the first class in arithmetic was called to recite. The teacher, a knock at the door, Miss Carr went to open it, book in hand. There was a glimpse of something blue, and then, what do you think the teacher did?

She deliberately walked out into the hall and shut the door behind her.

The children sat in their seats and waited. There was a great buzzing and whispering, and Rob dropped down into the aisle, and rolled around, laughing.

In about five minutes—the school had become most shockingly disorderly by this time—the door opened, and Miss Carr came in sedately. Her eyes were like stars, her cheeks were like pinks, and she was smiling.

"Children," she said, "you are granted a holiday; school is dismissed."

Then there was hurrying to and fro, and much yelling. The teacher rode in state to her boarding place, her soldier sweetheart leading his horse and walking by her side, and teacher and children afterward agreed that there was never before quite such a Thanksgiving holiday as this belated one in time of war and alarms.

## Why Ping-Pong Is Dead.

A young woman I know told me what killed ping-pong. She played with enthusiasm until one night she caught a couple of men smiling at her. A hurried look in the glass brought to her attention the fact that her beautifully fringed hair was straight and shining and perspiration had staid her complexion. There are many other reasons, but a game that causes the powder on a girl's face to fly is a game that is dead.

No girl cares to have her complexion marred into an Appalachian range.

They were talking about ping-pong and its sudden death while in a billiard room where the game, scarcely more than a year ago, enjoyed great popularity. Many men were clicking the ivory balls around the table where the friends were using their cues, but the sharp staccato echo of the ping-pong ball could not be heard anywhere in the big room.

"It seems incredible that the game, attracting attention all over the country, should go down and out so soon," one of the billiard players remarked. "It died quickly, and about all that remains of it is now in the gutter. Balls and bats that recently brought handsome profits to the dealers have now gone to the pawnshop men, and even cut prices do not sell them."

"The other day I saw a man peddling bats for three cents that once would have cost half a dollar, and the ping-pong balls—it is a sad story—were a penny. The pawnshop man said he could not sell the things at any price and would go back to selling crap dice."







## BUSINESS FOR SALE

[illegible]











